

## THE TREASURE FISHING.

BY CUTLIFFE HYNE.

(Copyright, 1937, by Cutcliffe Hyne.)

I fancy the two divers must have been in it from the very first, and, indeed, I've a strong notion the whole plot to steal the treasure was in the beginning theirs, and theirs alone. I can't be sure, but I've an idea that Miss Bradbury came into the business soon after we sailed for Liverpool; and if one may hazard a guess, it was because Willie Cameron, the diver with the black hair, fell in love with her and let out the secret. However, I didn't arrive at any of this till later; and if it hadn't been tucked into the business by the very outset, about the time I believe the three of them would have walked off with all the gold, and the salvage company would never have heard so much as the bare color of it.

There was a distinct understanding between me and Captain Boyd when I sailed on as "third" of the Gleaner that I was only doing it as a personal obligation to himself. The berth was second and chief engineer had been filled; they wanted a man who wouldn't mind bearing a hand if anything went wrong with the diving tackle; and they couldn't have picked a better than myself. I was thoroughly well grounded in the shops before ever I thought of the sea; and, though I say it, few better first and all-round mechanics have ever stood on the footplates of a steamboat's engine-room. If it wasn't for the board of trade and their rotten examinations I'd have been chief long ago; and with a chief's ticket in my pocket you may be sure I'd have got the master hand over the wheel, at any rate at sea, and in sight of any one that mattered ashore.

Of course it was a concession for a man like me to be third on a bit of a steamboat like the Gleaner; but I was drawing eight pound a month, which was the same as the second engineer got; and I'll not deny I was in a manner forced into taking the first berth that offered. I'd been paid off from my last ship in Liverpool, and I'd met friends on the footplates of a motor launch, where my father had been Free Kirk minister, and we'd got a little noisy and found trouble. The fat English brute of a magistrate did give us the option, but it took all the money I had left to pay myself out.

I might even admit, too, that the business of the Gleaner had some attraction for me. She was off treasure-fishing to the Canaries; she was chartered by a little company that called itself the S. S. Corinth Salvage association, and the work for her engineers was to dive down the channel, through the bay and down to the spot among the islands where the Corinth had been sunk. And there we should swing at anchor whilst the boats went off with the divers and men to tend pump, and off they roared, 100 yards apart. Presently the air pump began to turn, and the divers, like some white, uncanny sea beast, went over from each. After a pause the boats pulled slowly ahead, and Cameron and his mate were walking along the sea floor, searching for the wreck.

I was off watch and stood leaning my elbows on the railing of the lower deck, and smoked and looked about me. The water was full of these little pink-sailed jelly-fish that we sea folk call Portuguese men o' war, though Mr. McTodd, said the old man when he offered me the berth. "We shall be like a family ship. There's a big, large cabin and we shall all mess together—mates, engineers, divers and passengers—with your lot at the one end and me at the other."

"Passengers?" said I. "I thought this was a salvage job."

"They are coming just for a cruise; a Mr. Kent and his wife and her sister, a Miss Bradbury. Of course the Gleaner hasn't got a passenger certificate, so they will have to sign articles like the rest of us to get to windward of the board of trade. The ladies will be stewardesses, and Mr. Kent can take his choice between being doctor and fourth mate."

"Are they interested in this salvage business?"

"Not a bit," said Captain Boyd. "They're people of means, and Miss Bradbury writes novels. They pay for

ladies as you could pick during a three hours' search in Buchanan street Glasgow. She'd a fine color to her cheeks, and big brown eyes that fairly shone when she warmed up in her talk. She was not small, but her white canvas shoes would stand within the palm of my hand. I tried that one day when the steward was pipeclaying them. She'd a guitar with her on board, and when we got to south across the bay, and the nights grew warm, she'd sit out in the moonlight and sing. Her music was nothing in my line though; it was all of a slightly sort; but then it was not made directly for my pleasure. Cameron was the man she sung for, and though at first she disguised this before we rose the Canary mountains above the sea line, she was not shy of letting it be seen by anyone who chose to look. And Willie Cameron liked her in return; and if ever I saw it, I loved, I loved out of the eyes of those two.

We were fellow countrymen, Cameron and I (I am Scottish myself), and at one time another the pair of us put in a fairish deal of talk. His air-pump needed a bit of an overhaul, and I was set on to help him, we had plenty of opportunity. But I'll not say we got much off general topics. He seemed a man in a desperate hurry to get rich, and most every day he'd ask me if I could point him out a place. But my answer to him was always the same.

"Man," I'd say, "I'd no be acting as third engineer on a bit of a steamboat like this if I'd a plan handy to my fingers such as you seem to want."

And then he'd shake his head and sigh and fall to talking about the methods by which he and his mate hoped to get the gold boxes out of the wreck and down into the Gleaner's hold. I suppose I ought to have seen what he was after then. But I didn't. I'd only got it in mind that he wanted to marry Miss Bradbury, and didn't see his way to finger enough money ready to set up housekeeping upon.

We'd an easy day and a good run down, and we made Grand Canary one morning just before the dawn. We ran into Las Palmas harbor and saw Tenerife far away across the sand neck, with its sunny head, rosy in the sunrise. We'd a day there before making arrangements, and getting in some stores as they were steamed out again and made for the spot where the Corinth had gone down, and brought up to an anchor and lowered fires.

Before us lay the open sea; behind were the dry, chunder hills of Grand Canary; and above was blue heaven and a sun of dancing brass. The day was frizzling; the island gave us a lee out of the southeast trade; and there was no breath of wind astir. The water lay like a sheet of metal. No divers could have asked for a better prospect. We got their two boats into the water, each with the air pump, rowers, coxswain, man to tend the life lines and men to tend pump, and off they roared, 100 yards apart. Presently the air pump began to turn, and the divers, like some white, uncanny sea beast, went over from each. After a pause the boats pulled slowly ahead, and Cameron and his mate were walking along the sea floor, searching for the wreck.

I was off watch and stood leaning my elbows on the railing of the lower deck, and smoked and looked about me. The water was full of these little pink-sailed jelly-fish that we sea folk call Portuguese men o' war, though Mr. McTodd, said the old man when he offered me the berth. "We shall be like a family ship. There's a big, large cabin and we shall all mess together—mates, engineers, divers and passengers—with your lot at the one end and me at the other."

"Passengers?" said I. "I thought this was a salvage job."

"They are coming just for a cruise; a Mr. Kent and his wife and her sister, a Miss Bradbury. Of course the Gleaner hasn't got a passenger certificate, so they will have to sign articles like the rest of us to get to windward of the board of trade. The ladies will be stewardesses, and Mr. Kent can take his choice between being doctor and fourth mate."

"Are they interested in this salvage business?"

"Not a bit," said Captain Boyd. "They're people of means, and Miss Bradbury writes novels. They pay for

easy time on full pay during all my sea-going. There was no work to do. A lot of grog was served out, coast-fashion, at eight bells; and the slop-chest tobacco burnt slowly and cost only a shilling a pound. But there was one thing worried me, and that was Miss Bradbury. She had joined at Liverpool as rosy a lassie as one could wish to meet, and here she was getting blacker and blacker by the day. I could almost see the flesh slip away from her bones, and she'd an appearance of scare and worry about her face that made one sick to look at. All hands saw it; there was no avoiding such a thing; but they put it down to anxiety about Cameron.

The pair of them were openly engaged to marry by this time, and I must say the way that he and the other diver worked was a caution. Of course the water was warm, but it was fairish dry, and I never saw men stay down longer. They never seemed to give in whilst they had strength left to lift a hand, and when they came to the surface they were as good as dead.

The white trail of the air tube led me down to the lowest berth, the deck, then along the alleyway right aft, and then into a cabin, with a hatch in the floor. Sitting on the lid of the hatch was Cameron, who turned round when my light fell upon him. He beckoned me with an impatient gesture, and sloped down into the blackness below. It was clear he did not recognize me; he took it for granted that I was Storey delayed by some accident.

For a moment I stayed outside irresolute, and a shoal of small fish, attracted by the light, brushed past my legs. I remained for a moment, looking down at the water, and was prospecting me for food, and the idea made me shudder inside my rubber clothes. Then I thought good to see exactly what was going on, and slipped through the hatch after Cameron.

We were in Corin's strong room. The gold was beneath and around us in iron-bound boxes, and Cameron lifted the bricks of a wall. Cameron lifted an end of one of the boxes and nodded his helmeted head toward me impatiently. I took hold, and together we turned it up through the water and out through the hatches. Then he scrambled up himself and I followed. Again we lifted the boxes, treading with care along the slinky alleyways, so as not to foul our air pipes. I could feel the bones of the dead shift beneath my feet, and my chest was tight with horror. In spite of the buoyancy of the water, the box of gold was as much as the pair of us could struggle along with.

At last, with infinite trouble, we came out through the companion hatch and lowered the box with a rope down to the bed of slime below. We followed it, lifting it between us again, and waited on with it through the morass of sludge. The bones of the sea brushed our shoulders as we struggled on; the skeletons of the dead stood sentinel along our path, and the golden silence of the water crashed into my spirit. We held our way round the steamer's bows, and there against her keel we came upon a pit. It had been dug through the slime with infinite labor, and it was a ghastly thing. With a rope we lowered the gold chest down into the pit and Cameron followed. I switched on my lamp and saw him heaving and thrusting it down a gallery which led far beneath the iron sheathing of the wreck. A shovel lay against a sea shrub at the lip of the pit. I took it in my hand, and was away from the world of air in this lonely world of water. Cameron and I were the only human occupants with none to overlook us, and I felt that I might be on my guard against him. From his point of view it was clear I knew too much.

Presently he returned from out of the pit and was about to go back again to the lower boxes of the steamer, but I touched him with my shovel and he turned. Then I pointed to the front glass of my helmet, and he came up and looked at it. He was a man of quick recollection. Then again he came toward me, this time with clenched fists, but I menaced him with the up-turned shovel, and he kept his distance. How I longed to tell him to stay to him what I wished!

For a full minute we stared at one another, and then with a sudden gesture he moved forward and took me from the ground and wrote a message on the rusted plating of the wreck.

"Hold your tongue, Mac," I read, "and you shall be a free man."

He scribbled a laborious reply with the peak of the shovel: "Cannot deal with you; am bound to employers."

He scribbled "£25,000" and watched me shake my head inside the helmet. He wrote "£25,000" and looked at me again.

I wrote "Not for £25,000." I saw he was ready to spring upon me, and heid the shovel edge above my shoulder handy to cut him down.

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I nodded. He wrote on: "Then consider her, Mac, and make your choice. If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

the accident of Storey's paralysis) upon something I intended to be hid, and I was quite man enough to know that trouble might very possibly follow. I stopped where I was, and thought, "It'd a big mind to go back then and report him as acting off. I felt a shiver, and I stunted my heart and went on down below."

The white trail of the air tube led me down to the lowest berth, the deck, then along the alleyway right aft, and then into a cabin, with a hatch in the floor. Sitting on the lid of the hatch was Cameron, who turned round when my light fell upon him. He beckoned me with an impatient gesture, and sloped down into the blackness below. It was clear he did not recognize me; he took it for granted that I was Storey delayed by some accident.

For a moment I stayed outside irresolute, and a shoal of small fish, attracted by the light, brushed past my legs. I remained for a moment, looking down at the water, and was prospecting me for food, and the idea made me shudder inside my rubber clothes. Then I thought good to see exactly what was going on, and slipped through the hatch after Cameron.

We were in Corin's strong room. The gold was beneath and around us in iron-bound boxes, and Cameron lifted the bricks of a wall. Cameron lifted an end of one of the boxes and nodded his helmeted head toward me impatiently. I took hold, and together we turned it up through the water and out through the hatches. Then he scrambled up himself and I followed. Again we lifted the boxes, treading with care along the slinky alleyways, so as not to foul our air pipes. I could feel the bones of the dead shift beneath my feet, and my chest was tight with horror. In spite of the buoyancy of the water, the box of gold was as much as the pair of us could struggle along with.

At last, with infinite trouble, we came out through the companion hatch and lowered the box with a rope down to the bed of slime below. We followed it, lifting it between us again, and waited on with it through the morass of sludge. The bones of the sea brushed our shoulders as we struggled on; the skeletons of the dead stood sentinel along our path, and the golden silence of the water crashed into my spirit. We held our way round the steamer's bows, and there against her keel we came upon a pit. It had been dug through the slime with infinite labor, and it was a ghastly thing. With a rope we lowered the gold chest down into the pit and Cameron followed. I switched on my lamp and saw him heaving and thrusting it down a gallery which led far beneath the iron sheathing of the wreck. A shovel lay against a sea shrub at the lip of the pit. I took it in my hand, and was away from the world of air in this lonely world of water. Cameron and I were the only human occupants with none to overlook us, and I felt that I might be on my guard against him. From his point of view it was clear I knew too much.

Presently he returned from out of the pit and was about to go back again to the lower boxes of the steamer, but I touched him with my shovel and he turned. Then I pointed to the front glass of my helmet, and he came up and looked at it. He was a man of quick recollection. Then again he came toward me, this time with clenched fists, but I menaced him with the up-turned shovel, and he kept his distance. How I longed to tell him to stay to him what I wished!

For a full minute we stared at one another, and then with a sudden gesture he moved forward and took me from the ground and wrote a message on the rusted plating of the wreck.

"Hold your tongue, Mac," I read, "and you shall be a free man."

He scribbled a laborious reply with the peak of the shovel: "Cannot deal with you; am bound to employers."

He scribbled "£25,000" and watched me shake my head inside the helmet. He wrote "£25,000" and looked at me again.

I wrote "Not for £25,000." I saw he was ready to spring upon me, and heid the shovel edge above my shoulder handy to cut him down.

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I nodded. He wrote on: "Then consider her, Mac, and make your choice. If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I considered for a moment and then I wrote on the wall: "If you will kill her, she knows she never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry; we wanted to be rich; there was no other way. She is dead, and I am with anxiety. You must have seen that."

his place. We two and one other can work the schooner, and a year from now we'll be rich men. Think of it, lad—rich beyond what you ever thought of. Think of it—no more having to stand your watch at sea; no more sea of all. You can stay in England and marry and live a decent life. Think of it, Mac."

I was thinking of it. As I sat there watching the heat lightning wink amongst the black hills of the island, I was remembering that it was a chance such as I had never had before in all my life, and one which would never come to me again. I had been picked about the world ever since I first went a wee bit wrong in Ballindrochar, and I'd sworn never to see the place more; and at the same time, my mind was still there and poor, I could do a power of good in the place (the dell told me then) if I went back rich and enlightened with all the money of foreign travel. But then what the devil had I said to me came back; how he reminded me I had been born a gentleman, and how he'd treat me as my father's son and to me a honor; and I stood to my feet and swore.

I'm not a profane man as a general thing; it always seems to me there's an awful profit to be got out of music; but I cursed then till Cameron blanched before me, and the air ought to have tasted sulphury. "Look here," I said to him. "I give you your choice—those boxes are to be taken back from the pit and stowed back inside the Corinth tomorrow; then I'll announce that we've dug away the treasure, and next day we'll warp the Gleaner across, rig a whip, and let her hoist them on board one by one with sea-ropes. I'll be there with you, I'll work with you so long as my arms will move; if you refuse, I'll go to the Old Man now and tell him what I know."

"You are playing me a very dirty game," said he. "I stormed at him. 'Am I?' I cried. 'Couldn't I get you into gaol? Couldn't I have put you in irons this moment as a common thief? But I want to help you out of your mess, because of a reason you know.'"

"Why in thunder, man, won't you help yourself, too, and be rich?"

"Because a reason you would not understand."

"It may be a dangerous deal for you yet," he said grimly.

"And there," said I. "I've insured myself. I thought that if an accident happened to me below the water yonder, you might forget to be honest. So I've written out an account of what I know, and sealed it, and if I don't turn up the envelope will be opened."

"You've pinned me," he said. "I think so."

He stared at me queerly for a minute and then he spoke again. "Do you know, Mac," said he, "I'm not so sorry for it as you might think. I was led into this precious scheme by some one else. But I'm not going to blame any body now that can't be here to speak for himself. And besides, I'll freely admit that I was keen enough upon the chance when it was put in my way; it seemed so safe; and it was such a thumping big plum to go for. I guess we've most of us kept honest through fear of being found out."

"And besides, things are not always as safe as they look."

"You're right, Mac, and I'll remember that for the future; and I guess I'll score up into my pocket a straight 'You're not a very healthy way of looking at it,' said I."

"I'll admit that," said he, "but from your point of view it's a very useful one. We're not going to get a fee far easier now than I did an hour ago, and I know some one else who'll be easier, too."

"That will be Miss Bradbury you're speaking of."

"Maybe so, maybe no," said he. "The person I have in mind writes books, and has a great liking for romance, and told me almost as soon as we met that it was a pity the old days were gone when there were pirates and all that sort of stuff, and sea life was more exciting. We got into a bad way, and I and Mac, and the tale of this game here with the gold boxes slipped out. I claimed there was every bit as much romance in that as there was in the old time unbecoming."

"And she agreed to let you go on with it just because she loved you," said I. "And then she ate her heart out with fear lest you should get dropped onto. Man, you need a go further with the yarn. It's been plain to the eyes of every one that's watched the lassie about the decks that she was just fretting herself to a shadow about something."

"It's made me nearly crazy to see her," says he.

"Well, man," said I. "It's over now, and she can begin to put on flesh again so soon as ever you choose to tell her the new plan. If I mistake not, you'll be the flutter of a dress in the companion way this minute. It'll be away forward and turn in. Maybe you'll have business here you'd rather talk of out of my hearing."

And a minute later I heard the hum of their voices, and guessed Cameron was getting rid of his new version of the tale. So that was the way the gold boxes from the Corinth found their way into the Gleaner's hold, but I fancy Captain Boyd must have thought all along that there was something going on which was not quite according to rule. Still, how he found it out I can't say. Storey couldn't have told him, since the man never found speech again; it was certain that neither Cameron nor Miss Bradbury would have let it out, and most assuredly I did not.

But after we got to Liverpool, and all hands from the Gleaner turned out to see our diver married to his girl, the old man pulled me aside as we left the church and crumpled a couple of £20 Bank of England notes into my hands, and "There," said he, "are from the salvage company. I told them I thought you deserved a share. I told them I thought they were owing you a matter of £250,000, but I couldn't get more for you, Mac, my lad, and perhaps it's better with what it is. Companies aren't addicted to giving away tips when they aren't forced, and third engineers, Mac—well, they have thrills, haven't they? My lad."

"Well, I suppose he was right. I know I had clean pockets a week later."

Why He Liked It.

Stranger—So this is a prohibition town, is it?

Native—Yes, sir.

Stranger—Well, I don't see how an intelligent and fine-looking man as you can stand it in a place where such a ridiculous law is put in force.

Native—My dear sir, it meets with my enthusiastic approval. I wouldn't have things changed for a great deal.

Stranger—Come now, I can't believe that. Explain yourself.

Native—Well, you see, I run the only drug store in town.

A Good Name.

Tit-Bits: Asker to Fisher who is returning empty-handed from a fishing trip. "Why, that's a funny name for a dog. What made you give it to Fisher?"

Fisher—"Because he won't bite."

Taken in Time.

even consumption yields to the wonderful effects of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It won't make new lungs, but it will make golden lungs, healthy when nothing else will. There's reason for it, too. Consumption is lung-rot. For every form of rot, and all blood-tainted "discovery" is a positive cure. It's the most potent strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder known to medical science. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, and all lingering coughs, it's an unequalled remedy.

## Home Comfort Steel Ranges.

We have sold 321,820 Home Comfort Ranges to January, 1896, in the United States, Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Our ranges are better adapted to the wants of housekeepers, and give better general satisfaction than any others manufactured. Proof of the assertion is the great number sold.

We furnish with this range, two steel skillets, two steel griddles, one each steel pot, kettle and tea kettle, enameled inside and out, and one set of steel drip pans, all of our own selected designs and furnished only with our Home Comfort Ranges.

The end flues of our ranges are lined with asbestos board retaining the heat in the oven, where it is required.

Our ranges are constructed almost wholly of malleable iron and cold-rolled wrought steel; are nearly indestructible, and will last a lifetime if properly used and protected from dampness.

Each range has a 15-gallon planished copper reservoir attached to left side, affording an ample supply of hot water at no additional expense for fuel—something appreciated by every family.

The upper warming closet, lower warming closet, side extension shelf, duplex grate, fingered fire-box lining, and malleable water heaters are our own design and used only with Home Comfort Ranges. Our drop oven door is convenient as a receiving shelf for dishes or pans from the oven.

We refer to testimonials from thousands of customers using Home Comfort Ranges.

SALESROOM, 33 WEST FIRST SOUTH ST.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

## Heber J. Grant & Co.,</